

A REVERSED ELOPEMENT

By GEORGE HIBBARD

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As if floating down through the still air from some gray tower, the hour of five was sounding from the cathedral chimes of the big clock on the stairs; but already, on the short December day, the darkness had fallen. All the people staying in the big country house were gathered in the hall, where the fire burned riotously on the hearth. The oldest granddaughter sat beside the tea-table, and about her, on the arms of chairs, on window ledges and even on the floor, lolled, lured and reclined the rest of the party.

"But I have told you so often," said the nice old lady, as she glanced at the group before her.

"And it was so long ago," she urged, "I don't care," said the youngest granddaughter, who was sitting almost at her feet; "I love those dear old times, when everything was so picturesque and romantic."

"Yes," said the nice old lady, thoughtfully, "I did elope." Then she



"We Are Going to Be Married at Once."

laughed. "It was a curious elopement. I don't believe there was ever one quite like it before or that there has been since. A reversed elopement. That is what I call it, my dear."

"Tell us," urged one of the young men, earnestly.

"Well," began grandmother, "when I told my papa of my engagement he was very angry."

"Engaged!" he cried, angrily. "Married! Never!"

"Of course," I answered, dutifully, "I should not think of doing it without your consent."

"Then this marriage will never take place."

"I smiled at him."

"How can it?" he asked, defiantly.

"Because you will consent, because I'll make you," I answered, confidently.

"You'll see this time," he replied, with conviction.

"You'll see," I answered, just as confidently.

"You promise," he said, "that you will not marry this man without my approval?"

"Yes," I answered, promptly.

"He nodded in a way that I did not understand."

"Alec and I had arranged that the next morning he should make the formal request for my hand. You may imagine my surprise when a note, addressed in papa's handwriting, was given to me as I came downstairs."

"My dear," the note ran, "I find that I am unexpectedly compelled to go to town, and take the next steamer sailing. You need not feel the least anxiety because of my sudden departure, and you must remember your promise. Lovingly, Your Father."

"Oh, the dear old fox! Oh, the darling coward!" I exclaimed. But I was not at all pleased with him then for running away.

"Indeed I was very angry. I saw just how he had caught me, for he knew, of course, that I wouldn't break a promise when once I had given it. He knew that I could twist him round my finger if I could reach him. Now he had slipped out of my hands altogether. Oh, I was furious! When Alec came down, I laid the case before him in indignant tones."

"Of course, we can wait," I concluded, doubtfully.

"Not at all," he said, in a tone that made me jump. "We are going to be married at once."

"But my promise," I gasped.

He frowned.

"Of course, you must keep it!"

"I nodded."

"You're sure that you can make your father give in, if you can talk to him?"

"Absolutely."

"Then we'll find him, and you'll make him consent!"

"But he's gone!" I cried. "He's going to sail to-day."

"He's only been gone a few minutes," Alec replied. "We can catch him at the station. The train may be a little late, for it is often late. There's an automobile all ready at the door."

"Oh, one of those dear, rumbling bumbling old automobiles!" interrupted one of the grandchildren, clapping her hands, ecstatically.

"We reached the station platform just in time to see the train disappear

ing down the tracks, and out of sight round a curve. We stood there, indignant and helpless. Alec was the first to recover himself.

"When is the next train?" he demanded of the station man.

"Not till 12:45," answered the man.

"I must be in town before that," answered Alec.

"The trolley'll take you almost as soon as the train," the station man answered.

"As the man spoke we heard the gong of a trolley car. In a moment the car was in sight up the road. Alec took my hand, and we ran. It was an elopement. Breathless, we reached a point where we could signal the trolleyman to stop."

"Well, we finally reached Brooklyn, crossed on the ferry and arrived on the dock just in time to see the 'Erthania,' on which father was, steaming out of the harbor."

"We stood there looking at each other, when suddenly a voice cried: 'Hello!' almost at my elbow."

"In a moment Alec's hand was being wrung by a man whom I had never seen."

"Glad to meet you, Charlton, old man!" Alec cried. Then he quickly told him our story.

"I've got the 'Velox' at the next pier," Mr. Rogers said. "She's all steam up. I was just off to see a yacht race. Having a race of our own will be better than watching one. She's the fastest thing afloat. We'll catch the 'Erthania.' Come!"

"How we rushed through the little waves! But she didn't go fast enough for me. And Alec walked up and down more and more restlessly as the time went on. We were under way and off from the bridge in no time, and before I knew it we were far down the harbor. The crew had discovered at once that something unusual was going on, and every man was on deck or in the rigging. I saw Mr. Rogers' face grow longer, and I understood that he was losing hope. He held constant consultation with his captain, who constantly shook his head."

"I say," said Mr. Rogers, suddenly wheeling round on us, "all you want to do is to get a word with the old gentleman?"

"If I could only speak with papa a few words I am sure I would be all right," I answered, fervidly.

"Well," said Mr. Rogers, "we've the wireless telegraph. We might reach him that way."

"Of course I had heard of wireless telegraphy, which was just beginning then, but I didn't understand it; and, like a great many others, in my heart I didn't really believe in it."

"I stood in the doorway of the cabin. I had not the slightest confidence in what they were trying to do. It all seemed to me to be too wonderful to be true. I waited unbelievably while they ticked away into space."

"That wonderful?" again interrupted the youngest granddaughter. "Oh, poor, dear, unsophisticated granny! Did you really think telegraphing from one ship to another not 20 miles apart was wonderful?"

"We did think it wonderful," her grandmother replied. "Suddenly I heard the instruments begin to tick-tack. There was a shout."

"It's our signal," exclaimed Mr. Rogers.

"They wish to know what we want," the operator reported.

"Say that Mr. Manton Lloyd is on board the 'Erthania,' and that his daughter—no, some one on important business wishes to communicate with him."

"The instruments clacked busily."

"Mr. Lloyd is there, and asks what is wanted of me."

"Alec called me."

"Your father is here," he said, solemnly, though we were just out of the harbor, with no sign of papa in sight of course. "What can you say to him now to make him change his mind?"

"Say," I began, nervously and all in a jumble, "I want my promise back. That Alec Forbes and I have eloped, and that I am firm in my determination. That I will not yield, and that he must in the end, and had better give in now—"

"Wait!" interrupted the operator. "They are asking something. They wish to learn the gentleman's name."

"Mr. Forbes, Mr. Algernon Forbes," I replied in surprise.

"Tell him—I began again."

"The operator held up his hand."

"They are sending a message," he said.

"This is the message we received: 'Why didn't you let me know? I thought that it was the other man. You made everybody think so. Of course, Forbes is all right.'"

"Oh!" I gasped. "He didn't see that it was you all the time!"

"I don't very well see how he could," Alec answered, crossly; "I didn't."

"And I never thought to tell him," I moaned, "for I never thought of anyone but you for an instant, and I had nothing but you in my mind."

"And he has sailed for Europe to escape," Alec continued, grimly.

"So he has," I replied, blankly.

"Poor papa! And yet it's funny—I turned to the operator. 'But please tell him now that I am very sorry.'"

"There is a message, the man announced, and he wrote it out slowly, as the instrument ticked on."

"This was the message: 'Think I have got the worst of it. I'll be back with a wedding present. Bless you, my children, bless you.'"

"And that was the end of my elopement," continued the nice old lady.

"Mr. Rogers took us directly back to the city, and Alec and I were married at once with him for best man."

"Those funny old times!" mused the youngest granddaughter. "How different they were!"

AMERICAN HORSES TO COMPETE AGAINST WORLD

First International Show to Be Held in London Next Month.

The American horse will be pitted against the best stock of the world at the international horse show to be held in London, beginning June 7.

Alfred G. Vanderbilt, E. T. Stotesbury and Clarence Mackay are prominent among wealthy Americans who have shipped the pick of their show steeds to Johnny Bull's realm, and will seek to wrest prizes from the magnificent animals that will be exhibited there from all parts of the world.

Americans have long been proud of the distinctive type of horse being developed in the United States, and foreign judges who have been present at our shows have expressed unlimited admiration. But it never before happened that here was an opportunity for these animals to be actually put against the best in other lands in competition.

The unique show to be held at the Olympia will give this long sought chance.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra will head the list of notables who will be present for the opening ceremonies. Americans who have been doing the continent are turning toward London, and a great part of Uncle Sam's wealth and social distinction will gather around the tan bark ring to cheer American champion horses.

Nearly all of the prominent boxholders at the Newport, Madison Square Garden and Chicago shows have taken boxes.

The terms of the competition are most liberal. No nation is barred. The world is welcomed. To secure absolute fairness of awards, the judges will include expert horsemen from England, the United States and the continent.

The program will be a composite one. There will be judging and exhibi-

are to be ridden by an officer in uniform, or by a gentleman in morning dress or hunting costume. Several gold cups will be among the prizes. To the champion hunter will be given the £50 challenge cup of gold, which will be won outright.

The international cup for the best single harness horse is worth £100; and so is the international cup for the best pair, any age or height, while the English Hackney Horse society will give one for the second best. Some of the special classes will be the exhibition for cabs and turnouts, including hansoms, four wheelers, coster ponies and donkeys; for trade turnouts, and for draft horses.

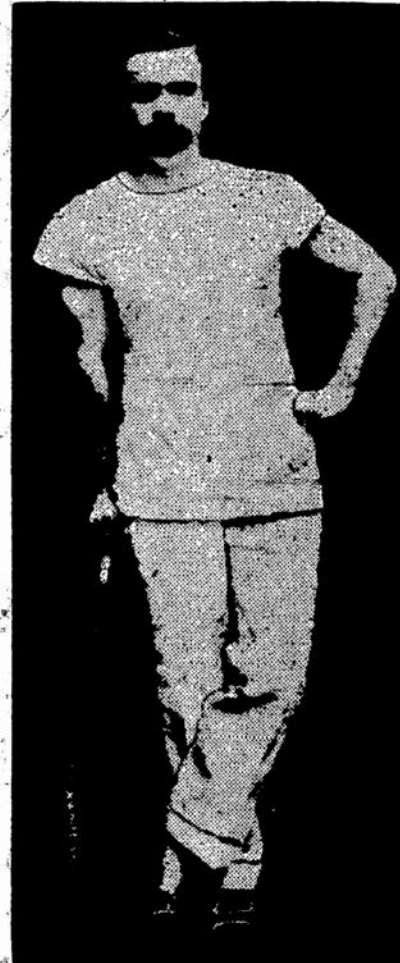
The horses that will battle for the equine honor of the United States at this world's congress will include the very best that can be found on this side of the big pond. Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt has his horses at Red Hill Farm, Edgeware, near London.

The string is the largest ever sent from one country to another for exhibition. There are twenty-seven horses in the stock that Mr. Vanderbilt shipped on the Atlantic transport steamer Minnetonka, and if anything had happened the craft of horseflesh, the value of half a million dollars would have been lost.

The string included four four-in-hand teams, which are Mr. Vanderbilt's specialty. These he will send into the ring turned out with his own coaches, harness and appointments.

One of the park teams is made up of the four dark bays, the Major and Sweet Marie, wheelers, and Polly Prim and the Youngster, leaders. This team won at the National horse show last year, and has never been beaten in four-horse harness. Much hope is based on what this splendid quartet

The French, Germans, Belgians and English are determined not to let Americans get away with the honors, but judges who have inspected the entries from Uncle Sam's realm are confident of a victory.



CLARENCE MACKAY, One of the American Directors.

All About Breath.

Prof. Emil Otto, the German educator, read at a dinner in Milwaukee an essay on "Breath" that a Milwaukee school teacher had given him as a curiosity.

This essay, the work of a boy of nine, ran as follows:



A. G. VANDERBILT DRIVING STANFORD QUEEN AND ALERT, Famous tandem team he has taken to London.

bition of polo ponies, hunters and saddle horses; ponies under saddle, Shetlands, children's riding and driving horses, carriage horses and four-in-hands.

One of the great features will be the jumping which M. Dupvich, a Belgian, will arrange. About £7,000 is to be offered in prizes, and of this large sum a generous share will be reserved for the jumping competitions.

In all the jumping classes the horses

can do in the way of bringing home prizes to the United States.

Mr. E. T. Stotesbury of Philadelphia recently gained additional prominence through his purchase of the most famous of American trotters, Sweet Marie, star of the Grand circuit, who during the last three years has won more than any trotting horse now competing.

He will have a number of his prize winners on exhibition in London.

"Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our livers and our kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life agoing through the nose, when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait till they get out doors. Boys in a room make carbonic acid. Carbonic acid is the most poisonous of living things, dead or alive."



ALFRED MACLAY TRAINING AUDITOR B. FOX FOR EXHIBITION AT LONDON SHOW.

Impossible.

"You'll never guess what that woman had in her pocketbook."

"Some dress samples, some trading stamps, a button hook, a powder rag, a—"

"None; you're 'way off.'"

"What did she have in it?"

"Nothing but money."

How Assessed.

"How do you think stolen kisses ought to be assessed?"

"At their face value."

Re-venge.

"You'll be sorry for this some day," howled the son and heir, as his father released him from the position he had occupied across the paternal knee.

"I'll be sorry. When?"

"When I get to be a man."

"You will take revenge by whipping your father when you are big and strong and I am old and feeble, will you, Tommy?"

"No, sir," blubbered Tommy, rubbing himself, "but I'll spank your grandchildren till they can't sit down."

Unpardonable.

"I suppose your husband commits a great many sins?"

"Only one."

"And what is that?"

"He plays poker."

"Do you consider that a sin?"

"Yes, indeed; the way he plays it."

A Quick Elevation.

Earnest Club Lady—Have they no uplifting methods in Russia?

Plain Tourist—Sure. Lots—chiefly nitroglycerin.



WOMAN AND HOME

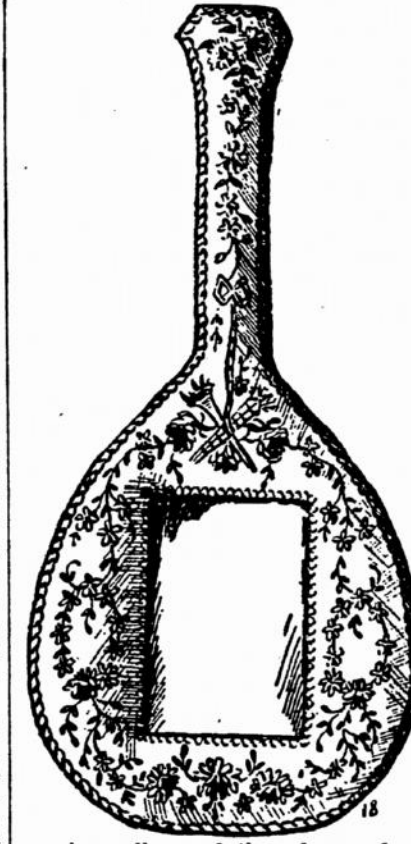
Wall Photograph Frame

DESIGN IN THE SHAPE OF TENNIS RACKET.

Can be Made Any Size Desired and Certainly Has the Merit of Novelty—Materials and Directions.

This is a novel photo frame for hanging on the wall. It consists of a piece of stout card-board cut the shape of a tennis racket, which has an opening in the center for the photo. The racket may be made any size desired, either for a midget, carte-de-visite, or cabinet. Cover the card first with a thin layer of wadding, then with any pretty piece of broche or embroidered silk that may be at hand. If plain silk is used it may be painted with flowers or some conventional design after it is strained over the card. Snip the edges and turn over the edges of the card, fixing them at the back with colorless glue.

A pretty piece of gold gimp should be sewn round the edge of opening, then glass a little larger than the opening must be fixed at the back by glue. Cover a piece of thinner card with sateen and seam to the edge of front, leaving an opening large enough to pass the photo through. Sew cord



or gimp all round the edge, and put a loop at the back of the handle by which to hang the frame on the wall.

DIME SOCIAL MADE MERRY PARTY

Entertainment Recently Given by a Young People's Society.

This entertainment was given by a young people's society. The admission was a dime, and the various refreshments were arranged at a scale of prices and nothing less than a dime was taken for an order. For the amusement part each person was provided with a paper with "To be found on a dime" written at the top and the following questions:

1. Fruit of a tropical tree.—(Date.)
2. What the Siamese twins were.—(United.)
3. What a lazy man seldom gets.—(Ahead.)
4. The division of a country.—(States.)
5. The cradle of liberty.—(America.)
6. Something a school boy makes.—(Figure.)
7. A part of the human body.—(Ear.)
8. A figure.—(One.)
9. What makes the forest green.—(Foliage.)
10. Something a bootblack gives.—(Shine.)

The prize offered was a dime.

A Bridal Luncheon.

This is the season when engagement announcements follow thick and fast the natural result of the time that always seems the most appropriate for love-making—the glad spring time. This is the way one bride-elect gave her attendants their wedding favors. She asked them all to an informal luncheon, and the centerpiece was a low, round arrangement of sweet peas with ribbons to each place.

At the finish when each girl pulled her ribbon the sweetpeas separated into individual bouquets; to each was attached a jeweler's box containing a specialty made bar pin set with three square bits of malachite, the name and date engraved on the back.

The same day as the luncheon the groom-to-be entertained the men of the bridal party at his club and presented them with hand-made scarf pins set with malachite.

MADAME MERRI.

SIMPLE BLOUSE FOR YOUNG GIRL

Many Materials From Which Garment May Be Made.

Almost any blouse material of a firm substance might be used for this simple blouse. It fastens down the center front under a wide box-pleat, ornamented with short stitched point-

by a pointed yoke, the fullness of the lower part being gathered.

The full sleeves reach to just below the elbow, where they are gathered into deep-fitting bands.

Organdies in Flower Designs.

Organdies are not abundant in bordered motifs, but are very fetching, says Vogue. White with graduated blue dots in waved scrolls on the edge is one of the prettiest. A delicate flowered manipulation, a pastel mingling of pink, blue and green in garlands, is also appealing.

Figured thin materials are more than ever bewitching to the eye as the new season comes upon us, the tint of bud, flower and leaf are presented in greater perfection until there seems no marvel of nature that the manufacturer's art cannot reproduce. This year the majority of patterns are bold and large, though there are still plenty of small designs for the woman whose taste or figure speaks for the less conspicuous treatment.

Trimmed Armhole Liked.

The trimmed armhole, with shoulder line falling well over the sleeve top, is particularly liked for models of the guimpe class, and this class is a very large one, especially as it relates to lingerie frocks. The jumper and kindred modes are far too convenient and pretty to be put aside after but one season of popularity, and the enthusiasm with which they have been taken up again this year speaks well for ability to hold the well-dressed woman's affections.



ed tabs of the material. Each side the front is arranged in deep folds from the shoulders to the waist, the upper part of each fold being covered with a pointed strap of stitched material. The back is fitted across the shoulders

FOR THE RARE HOURS OF REST

Simple Frocks and Negligees Are Very Handsome.

Comparatively simple negligees of crepe or silk, hanging loose from the shoulder and cut with kimono sleeves or left sleeveless are made effective by a guimpe or tucked and loose sleeves of lace, and by a band of trimming which borders the round low-cut neck, runs down one side of the front to the hem and finishes the armholes or the kimono sleeves. This model

is made, too, in fine cashmere and in chiffon broadcloth, the latter proving a most desirable material for the purpose if one cares for a little warmth in such a robe.

Genuine kimono models, with sash, are popular and are shown in colorings and designs calculated to attract any woman. Crepe is usually the material, and some beautifully embroidered kimonos are all in one tone; but more often lining and embroidery contrast in subtle harmony with the color of the robe.